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ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

President T. C. SMITH, A. M., Merom, Indiana.

Rev. J. J. SUMMERBELL, A. M., Spring, Pennsylvania.

Prof. B. F. MCHENRY, A. M., Eddytown, New York.

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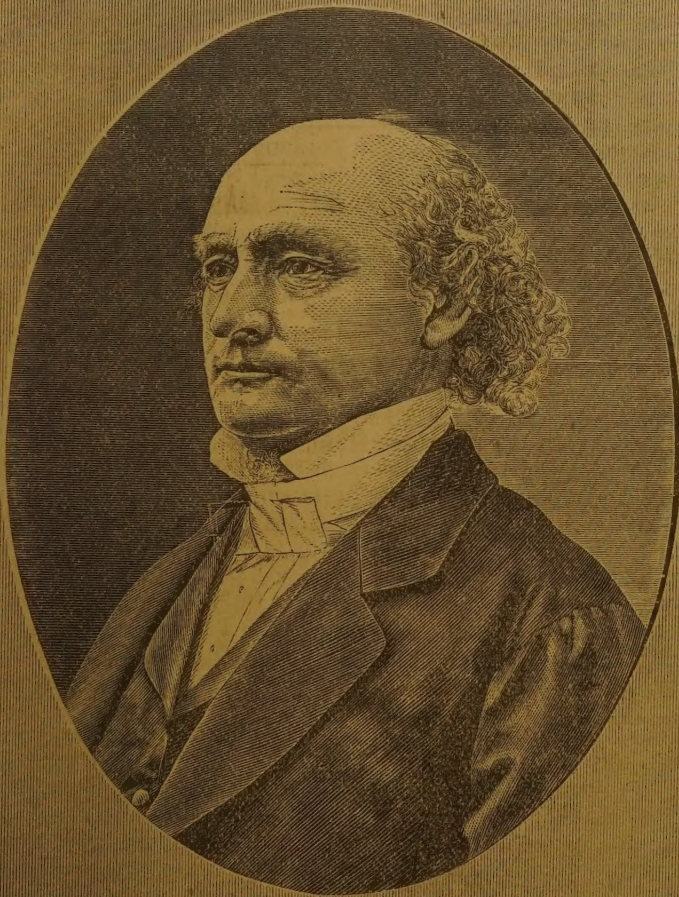
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OUR WORK.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1876.

NO. 1.



WILLIAMS-CO. N.Y.

Rev. N. SUMMERBELL, D. D., First President U. C. College.

THE RISE OF UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

BY E. W. HUMPHREYS.

Old settlers of Sullivan County, Indiana, say that the little village of Merom, on the left bank of the Wabash, not far from midway between Terre Haute and Vincennes, was settled not long after the latter town, and that Vincennes was settled by the French the same year that Philadelphia was settled by the Quakers, under William Penn. If this be true, Merom is very old. It is not probable, however, that there was much of a village on the high bluff of the Wabash for many years after that date. Merom is a very old town, and in the first organization of Sullivan County she, with one consent, became its capital. Her first (or second) court-house was burned down in those prehistoric days, and nearly all the records of the county destroyed, which caused great confusion in land titles for many years, and doubtless retarded the progress and growth of the county. Still Merom grew, and for many years it was the principal town between Vincennes and Fort Harrison, as Terre Haute was then called. It was a sad day for the Meromites when the county seat was moved from the banks of the beautiful Wabash, nine miles eastward, to what is now the thrifty city of Sullivan. A short time before this removal, the county had expended nine thousand dollars in building a neat and beautiful court-house in Merom. After the removal the court-house was sold for five or six hundred dollars. There was a general exodus of the people to the new county seat, and poor Merom was left almost desolate. In spite of its beautiful location, its rich land, its healthfulness, its steamboats

on the Wabash, and many other advantages, Merom and its vicinity was destined to remain many years in a state of much desolation.

Merom and the country around was settled principally by people from the Southern States—Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina—and, as is usual in such cases, the people carried with them the customs and habits of their previous homes. Slavery itself was never legalized in Indiana, but around Merom many slaveholders brought their negroes with them into the new country, and lived peaceably in the old patriarchal way for many years. Had the early settlers of that part of Indiana been called upon, they would have voted either to exclude colored people from the state, or to reduce them to slavery.

My first acquaintance with Merom was in 1854, and my first visit there was to preach in the house of J. N. Halstead, who was a member of the Christian Church in Williamsport, Ohio, and who had bought a farm in the vicinity of Merom, and with his family moved upon it. In the same year a church of about twenty members was organized at the brother's house; all new members except Brother Halstead and wife. In the fall of 1855 I became a citizen of the village, having moved there to take charge of three congregations.

As stated before, on the removal of the county seat to Sullivan the people in the western part of the county, including Merom, became discouraged, and the cause of education was almost entirely neglected. In New Lebanon, three miles to the east, there was an academy owned by the Methodist conference, and conducted very satisfactorily at the time by a gentleman named Allen. In Merom there was a small school-house, sometimes well conducted and

at other times not so well, just as it happened with a change of teacher. Sullivan and Carlisle, on the railroad, were both larger than Merom, but their schools were quite indifferent.

Having had some experience in school teaching, I prepared a few lectures on education, and delivered them wherever I could have a hearing. In Sullivan and Carlisle there was considerable interest manifested by the people, and better buildings were constructed about that time. In connection with Brother Allen and some others, we organized a county institute, where many teachers met together, and quite a revival in educational matters was brought about. The court-house in Merom was converted into an academy of six rooms, under the incorporate name of "Merom Bluff Academy," at an expense of something over two thousand dollars. School was commenced in 1856 with two teachers, but soon it was necessary to have three. The academy prospered beyond the expectations of its best friends, and became the forerunner of Union Christian College. Having taught in the Bluff Academy for two years, I was, in the language of our friend Quakers, impressed that it was my duty to make an effort to establish an institution, similar to the one in Merom and the one in New Lebanon, in connection with the Christian Church in Indiana. I may as well remark here, that it was fortunate that I did not know the magnitude of the work before me, for it is probable I never should have undertaken it. There were many considerations that led me to this work. I had become well acquainted with many of our ministers throughout the State of Indiana, and thought I knew that nine-tenths of those of my acquaintance would be greatly benefited by a more liberal education, for education was at a low ebb with our ministers then. I thought, also, that if we had a school of our own our people would be more likely to patronize it.

My double salary for teaching and preaching during the last two years enabled me to lay by a small sum, so that if the enterprise proved a failure I should not suffer. The enterprise was first proposed in the Western Indiana conference in the fall of 1858. Our cautious and wise fathers looked upon the plan as quixotic, but those who knew little of the difficulties, like myself, encouraged it, and the plan was finally indorsed by the body. Our money basis then was eleven thousand dollars. In a few weeks after that the plan was proposed in the Eastern Indiana conference, then Antioch. There it was heartily indorsed. Our next public gathering was at a fall convention of the Indiana conferences, November 4, 1858, at Eel River chapel, between Peru and Logansport, in Miami County, Indiana. There our money basis was changed from eleven thousand to thirty-five thousand. The name Union Christian College was proposed at that time by Father Abraham Snethen, and carried without a dissenting voice. There, also, a committee of nine was appointed to carry forward the work—Thomas Kearns, president; N. G. Buff, secretary; A. R. Heath, treasurer, and A. W. Sanford, legal adviser. Two weeks afterward the trustees met in Farland, Indiana, to adopt a constitution and by-laws.

The next public gathering was on March 16, 1859, at Lebanon, Boone County, Indiana. Delegates were present from many of the leading towns of Indiana, proposing so much, on condition that the college be located in their respective places. Me-

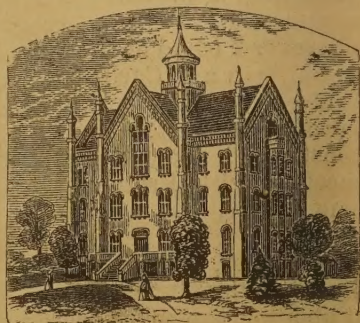
rom was represented, as usual, by Dr. Halstead, but as the place was so small, and the members of the Christian Church so few in its vicinity, no one thought it had any chance in a contest with such places as Richmond, with its offer of twenty-five thousand dollars, Logansport, Peru, and many others. The location was not decided at this meeting, but at the request of some of the delegates and agents, the time of deciding was postponed to an adjourned meeting, to be held at the Tremont House, Indianapolis, the 18th of May following.

The interest had been increasing continually from the beginning, and when May came, the whole state was aroused. Not only were the provisional committee and delegates from the various competing places present, but many brethren from the Indiana and Ohio churches had come to encourage the enterprise.

As my article is already lengthy, I will not enter into the *minutia* of the meeting. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Summerbell, of Des Moines, Iowa, was elected as president of Union Christian College. [See first page.] A wise selection. Dr. Summerbell, from the commencement, threw his whole energy, and the weight of his ripe experience and large influence, into the work. By many sacrifices, hard work, and good management on the part of Brother and Sister Summerbell, the college flourished and kept out of debt, even during the financial embarrassment occasioned by the war of the rebellion.

From that meeting the locating committee proceeded to Kokomo, Richmond, Sullivan, and Merom. The amount offered by Merom was thirty-five thousand dollars, vouched for by sufficient security, including Merom Bluff Academy. The contract for building was awarded to

G. W. Webster, who soon took in as equal partner, Thomas Kearns. The work was prosecuted with great energy under many difficulties. The school in Merom Bluff Academy was commenced at once, and continued in that building until the college building was finished in 1862. The



war came on soon after the building was commenced. Men's hearts failed them with fear and uncertainty. Every thing became unsettled throughout the country. Students left the college in large numbers, yet the school and building went on incessantly. Students came from all parts of the country, and after a sojourn of various lengths in the college, went forth to the work of life far better qualified for its arduous duties by their connection with the college. It will be very interesting for us, who labored in the erection of Union Christian College, to hear from month to month, in your magazine, of the labors of those who received their education within her halls.

The village has grown in size and taste, from a small, forsaken town, with old, dilapidated houses, to one of the most pleasant small villages to be found anywhere. Then the bluff was level, and thrown to the commons; now it is all dotted with neat, painted houses—the fruit trees making a grove-like appearance through the whole town. Merom is

one of the most desirable places in which to live, on account of its educational advantages, good society, and beauty, and healthfulness. May the town and the college continue to grow more and more prosperous for years to come, and its noble sons

and daughters go forth, with brave hearts and clear heads, to bless the world with their labors of love, and finally be gathered into the great institution above, to sit at the feet of the Great Teacher, and learn of him.



O EARTH, THOU ART FAIR!

BY MRS. MARY E. FISH.

O Earth! thou art fair, with thy beautiful flowers;
With thy clear, crystal streams, thy warm sunshine and showers;
With thy moss-covered rocks and thy green, leafy bowers,
Where the birds chant their lays, in the spring's balmy hours;

Where the bee hums in gladness, long summer days thro',
While on tireless wing, gathers choice, amber dew
From the woodbine's sweet lips, and the violets blue,
Stealing nectar from roses, and fairybells too;

And the old drowsy pond, where the queen-lilies grow,
That have caught their pure tints from white pebbles below;
And the slow, creeping wavelets, with sunlight aglow,
With delight catch their petals as onward they go;

Where the red fins are sporting, no longer in dread
Of the rosy-cheeked fisher-boy's pin-hook and thread,
But with eyes bright and sparkling, and shining fins spread,
Take from brown, dimpled hands crumbs of soft, wheaten bread;

Where the gay, gorgeous butterfly, all thro' the day,
Flits from flower to flower, what fairer than they?
Clad in soft-mottled velvet, how rich the display!
Borrowed hues from the rainbow, just over the way;

With thy blue mountain-tops and thy green everglades;
With thy deep, dark ravines and thy leaping cascades;
With thy skies of pale blue, twinkling stars overlaid,
Where the silver-tipped clouds hath the moon's path betrayed.

Thou art fair, too, old Ocean, with foam-crested wave,
Where the sea-gull delights its soft pinions to lave;
And where centuries long thou hast harped for the brave
Sweetest requiems strange o'er his coral-lined grave;

With thy dark, shaded grottos and green, mossy dells;
 With thy rose, costly pearls, and thy pink-tinted shell;
 With thy rare-colored corals, and satin-lined cells
 Of the cunning nautilus, that sails o'er thy swells.

Thou art fair when thy great, throbbing heart is at rest;
 Thou art grand! when the wild winds sweep o'er thy breast;
 When the storm-king is roused from his dreams in the west,
 And he comes in forked lightnings and thunderbolts dressed.

Thou art grand! when thy billows in terror awake,
 And the roar of thine anger the distant shores shake;
 When thy blue waters seethe, as in madness they break
 O'er the huge, hoary rocks, rising high in their wake.

ADDRESS:

Delivered before the Franklin Society, Union Christian College, at the Dedication of
 their Hall, December 23, 1875, by President T. C. Smith.

This is an hour for happy congratulations. Labors are suspended, hearts are put into a condition to receive emotions of pleasure, and each one surveys the surroundings of the present, and rejoices that in *one* success, at least, his hand has had a part. I would not draw your minds from the positive enjoyment you all feel; rather would I seize upon it to enforce some truths of homely garb, but of most angelic spirit.

Let us first look back upon the past. Every Franklin is proud of the history of his literary fraternity. No eulogy has seemed too high, no encomiums too great to be denied it. Truly, the foundation you have laid gives fair promise of an enduring and beautiful superstructure; the past, of happier things to come.

And now an era has been reached of great importance to the society, and to each individual member. You have gone to keeping your own house. No longer buffeted about, these explorers of truth have here cast anchor, furled their sails, and unfurled their ensign. Would it not be well, at this propitious hour, to test your principles anew? I read your motto, "*Bonum exemplum*"

sequimur." An excellent motto; but the world must have leaders as well as followers—leaders who, as Columbus, fearlessly strike out from beaten paths, and discover worlds; or who, as Newton, revolutionize the sciences by the discovery of a universal law; or who, as Morse and Field, bring distant places near, and annihilate the sea—who are fearless investigators, and more fearless advocates of truth. These are needed in humbler and in more exalted spheres, and their motto is, "*Exemplum bonum facimus*"—we make a good example.

Then let us next look out into the future. Every heart goes out with me in joyful anticipations of enlarged and uninterrupted prosperity. May your expectations be speedily and richly realized, and none of your justly grounded hopes perish. The new position into which you have now come demands of you the exercise of a noble virtue, and writes, as though it were a new law, "*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*"*

* The Franklin and Linconia societies, by this removal of the former, were brought into contiguous rooms—but a hall between them.

Shall not there be stretched across the hall, from door to door, a banner of *love*, over which the rainbow *law* shall span? May we not write over each rostrum the Latin inscription, "*Emulatio sine invidia?*" If this spirit lives in you and abounds, it shall make you that you shall be neither barren nor unfruitful, but abounding in love, peace, and prosperity. I shall consider, to-night, very briefly, three elements of success—those without which no mastery is possible, but with which lies the vantage ground of the conflict. It was a favorite saying of the Duke of Wellington, that "No general ever blundered into a victory."

"Indolence never sent a man to the front." If this be true in war, where chance has all opportunity, with how much greater emphasis of truth may we say, no one ever blundered into greatness. Every mastery is won by intelligently directed activity.

This is universal. Nothing in all of God's universe is at rest. The planets move about the sun with incredible speed—the suns themselves, the fixed stars of heaven, all move majestically on with their attendant stars, as kings with their trains. If we revert the telescope and examine the atoms about us, we find each one a microcosm—a little world of itself, teeming with life and activity. If our power of analysis were more perfect, we would find, doubtlessly, upon more critical examination, that these would themselves be resolved into other infinitesimal worlds, and these again into others, beyond human comprehension. And *life* reigns throughout all. Activity is not a creator, but it is a great *renewer*. It calls life from death, order from chaos, beauty from homeliness, worth from the useless, and wisdom from every thing.

Self-conceit is the ruin of thousands. "Seest thou a man wise in

his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." The words of the wise man have proven true so frequently that modern sages wonder at the folly of those whose self-pride permits them not to learn even in the sad school of experience until it is too late to remedy the sure disaster which accompanies vanity. "The sun rises in the east, where I live," said a vain man to his companions. "Yes; but he doesn't stay there long," retorted a Hoosier. The scriptural rule is a means of safety, and is in harmony with philosophic common sense: "Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think, but to think soberly."

Let it never be forgotten by those who would succeed, that indolence and selfish pride are insurmountable obstacles to success, and can never be counterbalanced by genius, or education, or both.

1. *Patience*. Everybody seems to be in a hurry, every one on the run. There is little deliberation, great eagerness, and unrestrained impetuosity. This impatience appears first in preparatory work. Bone and muscle are not permitted to mature, the mind to unfold, the judgment to ripen, before the youth of impatient spirit steps into the hotly-contested arena to measure arms with maturity, sagacity, and experience. Is it any wonder that he fails? Will it not be miraculous if he succeeds? Advise a course of study of six years to this class, and you astound them. "Six years!" and they emphasize the words as though they were six eternities. "Six years *lost*, and nothing *gained*!" Hold! There you are wrong. You will have gained immensely. You will be the possessor of many treasures of knowledge which will be invaluable to you hereafter; you will have an acquaintance with books and sciences,

which, if it ripen into familiarity, will be more productive of happiness than a rich mine of gold; you will have secured a drill and discipline of mind which will enable you to grapple the stern problems of life, and to obtain to them speedy and safe answers; you will have laid a broad foundation, upon which you can build a worthy and enduring superstructure. Nor are these all. You will then have reached the time of life when the physical man is mature and strong—and brawn is as essential as brain—the mind clear and logical, the judgment calm and deliberate. Rashness, the prolific source of evil, is avoided, and every vantage ground occupied and used.

The great Savior of men began not his high ministry till thirty years of age. Certainly our powers are not unfolded at an earlier age, nor is the problem of life, as it relates to us, of more consuming moment. Let each one possess his soul in patience. If, at thirty years of age, a young man has acquired a good education, habits of punctuality, sobriety, honesty, and patience; has learned a good trade or become prepared for an honorable profession, he has done *well*—better than ninety-nine of every one hundred of his fellows. The advice of Douglas Jerrold is witty and wise: "Be advised by me, young man," said he "don't take down the shutters till there is something in the window." Those about to enter, hastily and without sufficient preparation, some business venture, would better weigh well the laconic advice of Sidney Smith to young people about to marry—"Don't."

This impatience is further manifested—betraying thereby a most serious fault—in seeking and laboring for immediate returns. The period of active, germinating labor is necessarily slow. God hurries

not the seed to maturity before its season, but at each stage of its development stands ready to supply that force which carries it on to perfection. But Young America is wiser than he. His work, to meet his own wishes respecting it, must be carried on in hot-bed fashion. He does nothing maturely, and matures nothing. He hurries through school to enter into business; he strides through the preparatory stages of that, neglects the study of the fundamental rules of trade, and, through an excessive anxiety to be a prince among merchants, he extends and deepens the channels through which wealth is to flow into the treasury, before he has learned how, or obtained the power, to control the currents. Alas! too late to apply the remedy, he finds he has made the outlet for even that which he hath. His ruin threatens; the crash comes, and all is lost, because he had not learned to *wait*.

2. Perseverance, which is patient continuance in *doing*, is a second positive element of success. Patience is easy where hope seems on the point of being realized, but he who can *do* with unwearied patience when there seems to be only defeat before him, is a true hero. "*Nil desperandum*" is a very ancient proverb, and worthy of preservation. There are examples in this world's history of those who have fairly wrested victory from fate. Two shall suffice—our own countrymen, in our own time. To Cyrus W. Field, almost alone, is due the credit of binding the widely-separated continents together, and of annihilating the sea. For thirteen years he labored, always hopeful, suffering not his patient doing to cease, and abandoning not his project even in the face of universal obloquy, before he saw his labors crowned with success and his fame assured. For

thirteen years he labored, crossed the ocean fifty times, went from city to city to solicit help, saw himself defeated twice by the parting of the cable, endured exposure to storms upon the sea, to the fogs and swamps of Newfoundland, and above all, suffered much from mistaken and wicked men, who pronounced his work a fraud, and himself a liar and a cheat; yet amid it all his courage was so indomitable, his faith so expansive, his energy so elastic, he was always master of his work. He wrought against all of fate there is, and conquered.

Henry Wilson, whom the world mourns, but chiefly the good, arose slowly but surely from the humble work of cobbling shoes to the second office in the gift of the people. His character, also, was as great as his reputation. He adorned his office and honored it, and among men his very presence was a benediction.

3. Faith is a most important element of success (and the last we shall name), especially when it rises into a spirit of enthusiasm. Without it men are unstable, carried about by every wind of doctrine. With it they are anchored, not so much as a ship on a rough sea, and tossed, as an oak whose anchorropes, penetrating the soil and embracing the rocks, are at the same time its anchorage and its channels of life. The great men of the world have all been great in faith. Peter the Hermit, who hurled from his own hand the nations of Europe upon Asia, to break Mahomet's seal from Christ's sepulcher; Luther, "the hooded monk who shook the world;" Howard, who carried pure air, light, and hope into the dark and noisome cells of mildewed prisons; Cromwell, the puritan soldier, who showed how in English breast the old Roman spirit could revive; John Brown, whose hand was first lifted to unmanacle

the slave, and Lincoln, "who, more illustrious than Wilberforce, went up to heaven bearing the shackles of six millions of slaves with him"—all these serve as illustrious examples of the superhuman power of enthusiastic faith.

Conclusion.—There is no royal succession in free America. The feet of all its boys and girls stand upon the same level. Above them is not caste, nor hereditary privileges, nor royal prerogatives; only the free, immeasurable heavens, into which they can shoot their heads as high as they please.

Formerly it was considered proper to consult the stars at the birth of a child, to foretell its future and its destiny. Now, guided by experience, and governed more by common sense, the augury is predicated, not upon the phenomena of the heavens, but upon the temperament, disposition, and activity of the developing child. "The boy is father to the man," says Wordsworth. The questions to be asked and answered are—

1. What amount of patient perseverance does he exercise?

2. What is the depth of the foundation upon which he builds? What is his preparation?

3. How thoroughly is he possessed of *faith*? How *stable* is he?

These being answered satisfactorily, we may confidently predict, fate or adverse circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding, a noble future, a happy and successful life, and honor even in death.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:

Having such a preparation of heart and mind as may be obtained in a truly Christian college, the problem of success is solved by the enthusiastic exercise of patience, perseverance, and faith.

OUR WORK.

BY CLEVE DOW.



A tired and thoughtful face, a brow still fair,
 Shaded with hair and wreath;
 A puzzled look comes o'er that face so young—
 It tells the storm beneath;
 And this young reaper, with frail form and weak,
 Stands wrapp'd in thought, and thus her face doth speak:

How poor my work, how small, how worthless all,
 Unfruitful and obscure!
 Why have my plans so often been destroyed?
 My motives were most pure.
 What cruel fate, or circumstance, conspired
 To thwart my wishes good, so long desired.

The seed I sowed was often sowed in tears,
 Yet perished without root;
 Some by sun were scorched, and some devoured;
 But little brought forth fruit.
 Why was it so; why was it thus decreed
 That there should be such wasting of the seed?

The head sank low, the face was hid from view;
 Then 'mid dark thoughts like these
 There came to her sweet words of hope and cheer,
 As spoken by the breeze:

Fair maid, forget not that perfected life,
 Where gathered and made pure,
 The work you deemed forgot and lost
 Stands perfect and mature;
 And the cast down, who now in mourning grieve,
 Will there, 'mid song, bright wreaths of victory weave.

Then on, my sister,—toil, my reaper sad,
 Disheartened and cast down;
 Rains make the fruit, and from the fire comes gold;
 The cross precedes the crown.
 And she who sows in tears shall reap with song,
 And coming home, shall bring her sheaves along.

THE SORCERESS.

BY JAMES MAPLE.

In ancient story we read of a them food and wine, and by her powerful sorceress, who resided in magic wand changed them into a valley on an island, near the east- swine.
 ern coast of Italy. Her palace was Such is the transforming influence of the demon covetousness, and there is a striking resemblance between the miser and the hog. The moving power in the hog is selfishness. He is a deliver of the most groveling sort, and will devour his own of

spring. He does not like the society of man, as the dog does. He loves to go about by himself, rooting among the filth, grunting in an undertone, and never raises his voice except when you punch him.

Thus it is with the covetous man. He is thoroughly selfish, unsocial in his disposition, burrows by himself, and cares nothing for his fellow-men only as he can use them for his own profit. Fielding tells us of a man who consoled himself on his death-bed "by a crafty and advantageous bargain concerning his funeral, with an undertaker, who married his only child." There have been instances of misers who died in the dark, to save the expense of a candle.

The hog is omnivorous and voracious. It eats as long as it can move. This is true of the covetous man. He is never satisfied, and his ruling passion grows stronger with every advancement in wealth. The great Duke of Marlborough was worth over five millions and a half, and yet even at the close of life exhibited singular meanness to save a sixpence. Sir William Smith was immensely rich. At seventy years of age he became entirely blind. Dr. Taylor, the celebrated oculist, persuaded him to submit to be touched. The operation was a success, and his sight was completely restored. For this the doctor was to receive sixty guineas. Sir William, instead of rejoicing over the recovery of his sight, mourned over the loss of his sixty guineas, and actually practiced a mean deception on the doctor to cheat him out of half his pay.

The hog is a scavenger of the dirtiest kind. He goes rooting around in the gutters, gathering up and consuming what nothing else will touch. Thus it is with the miser. He is the scavenger of society. One of the well-known characters of Lon-

don was Nat Bently. He was the slave of this master passion for gold, who went about the by-ways and alleys of the city, picking up bits of old iron and lumber. The last twenty years of his life was spent in dirt and destitution. He lived on what a decent man would not eat, yet he left a fortune. The covetous man is a great fool. He loves himself better than all others, yet starves himself to hoard up riches for those whom he naturally hates, because he knows they hate him.

The hog only benefits mankind after he is dead and salted. His fat, that he has spent his life in accumulating, is of no use while he lives. Thus it is with the miser. His wealth, to the gathering of which he devoted his life, is of no use during his existence on earth; and like the hog, he only blesses the world after he is dead. His death is a blessing to mankind. I know a man who devoted his life to the accumulation of a fortune, and to secure it he deprived his family of many of the necessary blessings of life. He stood in the way of all improvement, and hindered the advancement of the community in which he lived, in its material, intellectual, and spiritual growth. That man's wealth was a weight on the wheels of progress until he died, and it passed into other hands. The fat of the hog and the wealth of the miser alike benefit humanity only after they are dead.

SIDNEY SMITH once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it will be."

ACCORDING to careful estimates and analysis, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor.

LOST!

BY EMMA INGALSBE ABBOTT.

An unprofitable day, an idle hour, a thoughtless minute! Can we ever recall them? A minute is not much, but minutes make hours. An hour is only sixty minutes, but hours make days, and days make months, years, and centuries. A lifetime is counted by pulse-beats.

Time is given us for a purpose. We are traveling a road over which we can never return; we are leaving traces behind us which can never be effaced; we are making footprints in which some one will follow. We can not go back and pick up the idle moments strewn along the way; we can not wind up the thread of circumstances at our pleasure; we can not tie it when it is once broken.

It is not permitted us to stop and rest by the way; whether we will or not, each eventide finds us a "day's march" nearer the end of our journey. We can only look back to sigh over ruined hopes and blasted prospects, and vainly long for the golden opportunities that we have so carelessly passed by. If the thought of these does not prompt us to improve the present while it is ours, in after years, when our backs are bent with the burdens of life, and our weary feet linger in the path, memory will turn our eyes back, not to a path illuminated by kind words, noble deeds, good influences, and a useful life, but to the fragments of good resolves never carried out; stains and blots of evil thoughts and actions; temptations that we did not spurn; things that ought to have been done scattered all along; broken promises; rash vows—until we cry in the very agony of despair, "Lost! lost!" Oh, the pangs of remorse over a misspent life! Oh, the vain regrets over lost moments! But all too late. The links in the chain

of life have been forged, and must remain.

We can not take back those words we spoke but a moment ago. Were they such as we would want to echo throughout eternity? Were they kind words? Were they words of good cheer—words of love and charity? If not, they are lost beyond all hope of recovery. If they were words of anger—if a malicious spirit prompted them—they are worse than lost; their ghosts will return to haunt us, and ever in our solitude will their voices ring in our ears.

But what can we say of the depth of misery into which a lost soul plunged? Words can not express such utter hopelessness; human language fails in the attempt. The mere thought of it is—

"So drear,

So full of hopeless agony and fear"—that we turn from the contemplation of it with a shudder. For all sad thoughts, could there be sadder one than that conveyed the simple word, Lost?

WAITIE.

BY MRS. PURDUE DOW.

Waitie sat on the back porch of her father's farm-house, deftly winding the long skeins of yarn into smooth, round balls that were transformed by her nimble fingers into warm hose for the winter wearing. The scene is commonplace. Simply an old farm-house with gabled roof and high, square windows; a long, even slope, dotted here and there with rose and laurel bushes, and a trim little maiden winding yarn from the backs of chairs, as we see it now, lit up by the glow of an autumnal setting sun. We think it a scene fit for painter's brush or poet's pen.

Waitie Bird is the young one

ght children; a useful, loving little ing look of those great lustrous
aiden, from whom everybody ex- brown eyes: Her daily round of
ects favors, and to whom nobody duties is simple, and, with a faith-
ems to owe any thing. In fact, there fulness rarely seen in one so young,
emed to be some fatality about the she strives to make her father's home
ame Waitie, for she had been wait- comfortable. Never by word or ac-
g all her life for somebody or tion does she reveal the unsatisfied
omething, varying the programme yearning of her heart for love and
ow and then by waiting on some- sympathy. Probably Waitie would
dy. She had waited till she had have trod the same unvarying round
ven brothers and sisters grown of duty the rest of her life if her
most to men and women before father had not concluded, after fifteen
e made her advent; then waited years of widowhood, to bring home
a name, until the cognomen of another Mrs. Bird, younger by some
ancient aunt suggested itself by years than his oldest daughter. This
appropriateness. She waited un- new mother, in order to relieve her-
she had worn out all the old, out- self from an awkward position, sug-
own, cast-off clothing before she gested that Waitie should be sent to
ew the luxury of a *new* garment. school.

body willfully crossed her desires, A school for girls was found not
she was left to study out her many miles distant, and, after a few
il's vague longings as best she weeks of preparation, Waitie left her
ght.

Waitie's mother died when she family of the Rev. Willis Warren,
s born, and her little unsatisfied D. D., the clergyman who filled the
y heart waited in vain for the pulpit of the village church where
tle, soothing caresses, and the the school-girls were obliged to as-
sympathy for childish woes, semble each Sabbath morning. The
ich only a mother knows how to parsonage was small for so large a
e. Her brothers and sisters were family, and as there were five young
d enough, but seemed to think lady-boarders, one must room alone
ir duty done when they had in the little chamber on the ground
sed the little miss into pouting, floor. Waitie slid into her usual
pleased her by a trifling gift or place, and with her usual unselfish-
y toy. Her father was a stern- ness accepted the small lower room.
a, too much occupied with busi- By insensible degrees she became a
s to comprehend the loneliness kind of general servant for the
is little motherless girl, or to household, and an amanuensis to
ome acquainted with her in- the Rev. Willis Warren, D. D. him-
d life and thoughts. self. Waitie could hardly tell how

ne year after another passed it came about, only that by being
y, one child after another mar- on the ground floor she was in such
y, or went out into the world to close proximity to the family that
fortune, until the great old it soon became very natural to ask
bling house is left alone to Mr. her to do little errands and favors.
and Waitie. The girls brought their complicated

aitie is fifteen, and as she sits problems down for Waitie's brain
ing at the splendor of the west- to solve, and their torn dresses for
sky, a stranger would scarcely her skilled fingers to mend. She
her a second look, unless, per- seldom went to any place, hence it
ce, he caught the wistful, long- frequently happened that the house

and children were left in her care, while Mrs. Warren went out for a call or afternoon drive. She studied in the doctor's library, and in some way it came about that she copied his sermons from a somewhat shapely first draught in pencil, at first, but afterward, aided only by very sketchy plans. The Rev. Willis Warren was a very busy character. A ceaseless bustle kept the world apprised of his unending round of social, parochial, and family duties, which never were, and never would have been done by his own unaided hands. By his constant bustle and flurry he kept good Mrs. Warren and the parish in a constant fever of anxiety lest he should sink under the burden of his responsibility. Waitie accepted her position unquestioningly, and waited, as the world's willing drudges always do, in vain for words of praise or thanks. Her quiet life at home had made her so unlike other girls of her age, that she cared very little for their companionship now. She studied faithfully, and besides her regular hours of study, spent many among the volumes that lined the doctor's study. Here she found companionship. The thoughts that used to vaguely haunt her mind and make her unhappy because she could not give them form, she found here beautifully expressed in rhyming verse or more stable prose.

Always diffident and hesitating in verbal expression, the copying of the minister's sermons proved a great help to her, for very soon she could find ready utterance through the pen. The parishioners were indebted to her for much of the sprightliness which characterized their pastor's sermons. The young sermon-writer was somewhat trammelled, however, for Dr. Warren had laid away for reference a bundle of nicely labeled doctrines, supposed to con-

tain all the truth that ever had been or ever would be discovered, and a departure from these was not to be thought of.

Waitie's thoughts grew and expanded. The minister's study became to her the dearest spot on earth, although the other girls declared it but a slight improvement on a modern prison. She was happy among the books, and in communion with God and nature through them; yet often that old cry for love and appreciation from those around her went up from her lonely heart. The vacation came, and Waitie went home feeling that she had received a birth-right to a new life. She loved her school and studies dearly, and felt that they had lifted her up to a higher plane of existence. Her term's report had been the best given out, and her essay at the closing exercises the most highly commended, and these were safely stowed away in her trunk as trophies that were to confirm her victory at home.

Her father met her at the depot, and in his formal way gave her a kind and cheerful welcome. "How you have grown, Waitie," he remarked, as he lifted her from the wagon; and that was all the improvement he seemed to notice. The rest of the family accepted her arrival as a matter of fact, and in a very few days Waitie had slid into her old place, and busied herself taking up the loose ends of household work, and doing faithfully what other people left undone. No one asked her particularly of her success, and she never revealed to them the new life that had sprung up within her. The weeks of the vacation passed slowly, for Waitie missed her companions of the dusty library. The few old worn books of the farmhouse had been read and reread by her in her childhood. She missed the sermon-writing, too, and for her

own amusement she sometimes took texts and wrote sermons of her own, in which she combated the threadbare arguments of Dr. Warren, or compared them with her own views.

Harvest, with its hurry and bustle, has come and gone; the golden grain is stored away in the great old barn, and once more the setting sun lights up the trees of the old forest, and adds splendor to the crimson and gold of their dying leaves. Waitie's step-mother realized that she had been a great help to her through the summer, and her father was proud and happy in the possession of so good a daughter, and yet neither of them thought to tell Waite about it, and she went back to school with the same old lonely feeling in her heart.

She found things unchanged at the parsonage. The girls were back, filling the house with their gay chatter. Mrs. Warren was still tired and worried, Mr. Warren busy and bustling, and Waitie took up her old line of duties, and was happy in performing them well.

Dr. Warren, in addition to his other arduous duties, had undertaken to write a series of articles upon a disputed subject for the monthly magazine of his church, and after mapping out the line of thought sufficiently plain to give a general idea of his views, he would leave Waitie to fill up the blanks, correct, and copy. This required study and research on Waitie's part, and she soon convinced herself that Dr. Warren was defending the wrong side, and being too timid to mention the subject to him, she wrote her views out, and under the cover of reversed initials, sent them to the magazine. They were published, and well spoken of. Encouraged by this, she soon became a constant contributor, sometimes sending articles that led people to think that

"B. W." must conceal the name of some grave theologian, at other times poems and sketches of fancy. Soon it became quite common to see little notices of praise for "B. W.," and many were the surmises, even at the parsonage, as to who "B. W." might be. Waitie shrank from revealing her name, and guarded her secret well; but finally it crept out, as all such secrets do, and the world knew that Waitie Bird wielded a gifted pen. Mr. Warren acknowledged that she was somebody, her friends at home satisfied her long-starved heart with praise, and little Waitie was no longer everybody's servant, but everybody's honored guest.

Waitie is an old woman now, and although people do not call upon her to do the unpleasant errands, and the work that nobody else likes to do, she is Waitie still, for she serves the multitude with thoughts rich and rare. Were you to ask her what led to her success, she would tell you that it was the lessons of patience and perseverance learned while she was little Waitie.

THE SPICE.

NEW BEDFORD has but one whaler left—the schoolmaster.

FRESHMAN to senior: "I wonder what makes my eyes so weak."

SENIOR: "Because they are in a weak place."

A STOREKEEPER in one of our neighboring towns caught an urchin stealing nuts, and proceeded to "cane" him forthwith. The boy begged to be released, because he had just been vaccinated from a fresh cow. "What has that to do with it?" shouted the storekeeper. "She was a cow that hooked, and it got into my blood," was the whimpering reply.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR WORK.—OUR WORK is the outgrowth of several felt wants. One of these is the want of some regular means of communication between old students, the college, and its friends and supporters. The great number of students whose names are upon the college record, are scattered all over the United States, without any regular means of communication with each other or the college. Many of these spent several years here in quiet, happy study, and during that time learned to love their classmates and teachers, and became attached to the college, with its daily routine of duty, and to Merom, with its beautiful surroundings. These things can never be effaced from their memories, but owing to the impossibility of hearing from them regularly, they are remembered as things of the past, to which it is pleasant to look back, but whose present existence they scarcely realize. A college depends much upon what her students think and say of her after they go out into the world.

Another want, even more pressing than the first, was a means by which we might make the college better known. The college is young, and although she has done much good in a quiet way, people generally, even within limited distances, do not know what she is doing, nor realize the high standard of her scholarship. Even in our own church the manner and object of her workings are not understood and appreciated. There are some who even seem to look upon her with distrust and suspicion. We believe Union Christian College only needs to be better known to be better appreciated, and it shall be the duty of OUR WORK to vindicate her cause.

The magazine was first thought

of in connection with the college alone, but the plan widened, and now embraces all the schools of the church. Much of the literature contained within its pages will be native. The essay classes of our schools furnish many interesting and instructive productions. By judicious selections from these and the literature of the societies, we hope to give our readers an idea of the talent of our students in this respect. We expect much help from the old students, especially the alumni. Many have already promised contributions. We feel assured that if they, together with the other friends of our schools, will unite with us in the effort, we may make OUR WORK do much toward advancing the interests of the schools and the cause of education among our young people.

OUR CHILDREN.—“As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined” is oft quoted for the teacher’s benefit—that supposed nurseryman who is to furnish the world with nice straight timber. To the teachers we intrust the growing twigs that are to bud and bloom for another generation, paying them the enormous sum of *thirty dollars a month* to take the responsibility; but, alas for our hopes and the teacher’s comfort! the twigs are all bent before they reach the school-room. The lessons learned during the first six years of a child’s life are vastly more important than those learned in the school-room. During these years, when the parents have entire control, the seeds are sown that will bear fruit in all after life. If they fail to recognize this, and make the winsome little one only a toy for their amusement, or a puppet upon which to display dry goods, they can not complain if they reap a bitter harvest of disappointment. Our common schools are our pride, and our teachers occupy the

most important office within the gift of the people, but our homes are the pillars that support the government. Many parents are vicious and ignorant, and of course can not give their children any impulse for good—such we can not reach with the pen—but there are many respectable families in which the children receive very little encouragement to learn, or to be good. We know fathers and mothers, professed Christians, who seem to have little interest in their children further than to clothe and feed them well, and make them mind when spoken to; making but little difference in treatment between them and the domestic animals. They never talk to their children upon any subject of importance; never explain to them their relations and duties to God and to each other; never allow them to express their opinions. They govern arbitrarily, and wonder that the boys of such families make men who trust the political hero who buys their votes to do their thinking. Give your children something good to think about, and lead their thoughts into proper channels by talking to them. Many a child has wished it was better acquainted with its father and mother. Love your children, and don't be afraid to show it by caresses. Take interest in their plays; listen with sympathy to their little griefs, and never say "Oh pshaw!" to their little secrets.

There are other parents who, from lack of firmness, let their children become their masters long before they are of proper age to send to school. Such parents threaten much, but rarely execute. They indulge their children in many things that they know to be injurious to health and morals, because they have not the courage to oppose them. They are preparing a bitter harvest of disappointment for themselves, and

a life of misery for their children. We sometimes hear old people complain that their children do not love and respect them. Children are but miniature men and women, and it is as impossible for them to love and respect weakness and incompetence as it is for us. They read character by instinct, and if you deceive and lie to them when they are babies you must not complain if they do not believe you when they have grown to men and women. If you slip away from your little two-year old boy, by telling him you are only going into the kitchen, when in reality you are going out to spend the afternoon, you may expect him, at sixteen, to visit the gaming table while you suppose he is quietly sleeping in his own room. As you treat your children, so they will treat you. Honesty, truthfulness, generosity, and courage are virtues that must be learned at the mother's knee, if ever learned at all.

CROAKERS.—There is a class of people, who, by constantly looking upon the dark side of things, and trying by their dismal forebodings to make life as gloomy as possible to those around them, have received the appropriate name of croakers. You will meet them wherever you go, in high as well as low places. If you are enthusiastic in the pursuit of some object, or for the success of some cause, you are sure to meet one, who will, with solemn shake of the head and an assurance of friendship, inform you that your cause is hopeless, and cite you to other men's failures. You will meet them in the prayer-meeting, and hear them tell of their trials and troubles, their crosses and temptations, and nothing of their hopes and joys, of their blessings and victories. Out of the prayer-meeting, you will hear them tell how their brothers fall, and how

the church is going down. You will sometimes see them in the pulpit, and instead of the joy-inspiring gospel they should preach, you will hear their dismal croakings.

New enterprises are the food upon which habitual croakers delight to feast. They always prophecy failure, and sometimes by their dismal croakings in public and private succeed in bringing about the fulfillment of their own prophecies, and then the consolation they offer is, "I told you so."

SOCIETIES.—The Franklins have secured for their use the hall opposite the Linconia, on the fourth floor. They have furnished it well, with carpet, chairs, and appropriate desks for the officers. The Franklins love their society, and have made many personal sacrifices for her good, this year. The address delivered by President Smith at the dedication of their new hall will be found in this number. The Linconia, so dear to the memory of many old students, is still doing good work. She, also, has a plan on foot by which she intends to refurnish her hall. Both societies gave good entertainments at the close of last term.

GOOD READING.—Our boys and girls should have good wholesome reading, for if they do not they will fill their minds with that which will prove poison to them. *The Youth's Companion*, published by Perry Mason & Co., in Boston, is one of the best papers issued for the young. It numbers among its contributors some of our best and most experienced story writers. There is much that is instructive as well as entertaining to be found in its pages. It is well appreciated, as is shown by its circulation of 140,000. Price, \$1.50 a year.

TEACHERS' EXCURSIONS.—It is very desirable that every student and teacher should visit the Centennial Exposition, since a few weeks spent there in careful investigation will be worth as much to them as several years of travel. In order to enable them to do so, the State Teachers' Association of Indiana appointed a committee at a recent meeting to make arrangements for excursions at reduced rates. After sufficient investigation, this committee reports that lodging, breakfast, and supper at a hotel, for ten days, together with the railroad fare for the round trip, can be had for forty-two dollars. The noon meal will be an extra expense, and can be procured within the Centennial grounds. For same fare and five days at hotel, thirty-two dollars. All teachers and students desiring to join any of these excursions—which will start at stated times between May and October—will at once forward two dollars, with name and address, to J. J. Mills, assistant superintendent city schools, Indianapolis, and receive a certificate entitling them to excursion rates. This money is a guaranty of good intention, and will be deducted from the above-estimated expenses, on presentation of said certificate. Correspondence (except orders for certificates) should be addressed to Mr. J. J. Madden, Bedford, Indiana.

LECTURES.—During the winter term, the faculty of the college gave a course of weekly lectures. President Smith commenced the course by two very interesting and instructive lectures on "English Literature." Prof. Evans followed by two lectures upon "Mythology," a subject that never fails to interest. The subject of Prof. Ford's first lecture, "Why we study Greek," was handled in his usual instructive style. This was followed by a lecture on "Railroads,

by Prof. Watson, which contained many interesting facts and statistics concerning the construction and management of railroads in this country and England. Prof. Ford delivered the last lecture of the term on "The Mound Builders." Prof. Watson's second lecture was crowded out by the closing exercises of the term, but will be given some time during this term.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—We greatly desire that all who are interested in *OUR WORK* will assist us by sending articles appropriate for her pages. Especially do we desire letters from old students and teachers. Any item of interest concerning an old student, graduate, or teacher of any of our schools will be gladly received. Meritorious productions by any of our students will always find place when there is room. The various teachers will oblige us by selecting and forwarding to us such productions of their students as they deem worthy of publication.

With pleasure we call attention to the variety displayed upon our table of contents this month, and to the fact that each dish was prepared especially for the readers of *OUR WORK*.

OUR SCHOOLS.—Our schools were never more prosperous than they have been this year. Rev. T. C. Smith, the new president of the college, has already secured the confidence of the students and citizens by his judicious management of college affairs. A room has been neatly furnished for a reading-room, to which the books of the college library, together with many belonging to the president, have been removed. Almost all of the best magazines and papers of the day are to be found upon the tables.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Merom, Indiana, May, 1876.

A. S. TUDENT, - - Local Editor.

PERSONALS.

Isaac J. Byers is farming near Nickerson, Reno County, Kansas.

E. M. Tarvin sends in his subscription from Sunshine, Colorado.

Ralph Eckley is at Carrollton, Ohio.

Rev. E. T. Abbott is still preaching at Orangeport, New York.

Miss Millie Cooper writes us from Pilot, Illinois.

John E. Hammond, one of Merom's most faithful students, teaches at Mt. Morris Illinois.

James Jamison is still at Green-castle, but his letters are frequent visitors in Merom.

Miss Henrietta Massey, class '75, is teaching in this county, with good results.

Barton Thompson has bought 160 acres of excellent land in Reno County, Kansas. He intends to remove there at some future day.

John W. Gregory has closed his school in Montgomery County, Indiana. We hear him well spoken of as a teacher.

Prof. A. M. Ward, of '75, is principal of the Argos High School, in this state, and is giving excellent satisfaction.

B. F. Voreis, the "irrepressible Dan," is studying law with Capron, of Plymouth, Indiana. We believe he will succeed.

Rev. E. Cameron is doing a good work in Ohio. He is a faithful laborer, and we continue to wish him well.

Joseph R. Finley is clerking in the store of Riddle & Zeller, Harmony, Indiana. Sickness in his family compelled him to leave college.

Horace Kearns has a good position on the Indianapolis and Terre Haute railroad. He was in Merom a few weeks ago.

George I. Reed, class '66, still continues to edit and publish the *Peru Republican*, of this state. He was elected trustee of the college at the last session of the board.

Rev. M. Summerbell, an early student of the college, has charge of a church in Brooklyn. His friends will present him with a Memorial Church this year. Contributions are in order for that purpose.

Miss L. Page is teaching at the Buff School-house. Miss Page is having no trouble with the school, although the previous teacher was forced to resign, being unable to control it.

Joseph Wilson is engaged in book-keeping for the firm of Wilson & Co., extensive coal dealers and shippers in Washington, Indiana. He is too faithful to his father's business to be allowed to attend college longer.

J. F. Quick sends a club of subscribers from Mackville, Illinois—his old home. The recent death of his father prevents him from attending college this spring. Mr. Quick has the sympathy of his many friends here in his bereavement.

Rev. Thomas Holmes has purchased a \$10,000 farm near Ann Arbor. He will move upon it and engage in farming for the benefit of his health. His unceasing labors for this college during ten years have greatly injured his health.

Rev. John Whitaker has succeeded in establishing a most excellent school in South-west Missouri. It is known as the Weaubleau Christian

Institute, and is meeting with deserved success. Mr. Whitaker will be present at the close of the college year, and receive his well-earned degree, Bachelor of Science.

Charles M. Higgins, after his return from Europe, paid a visit to Florida, and was so well pleased with the country that he purchased a farm fronting on the St. Johns River. He is engaged in the cultivation of cucumbers, bananas, and oranges. He has promised us an alligator for the college museum.

LOCALS.

The I. O. of G. T. dedicated their hall on the 3d.

Elder M. G. Collins paid a short visit to Merom not long since.

The college boys are still seen stretching their necks all times of the day, viewing Venus.

A student in algebra some time ago defined an exponent as a little thing situated on the north-east corner of a figure.

The mansion of the late Thomas Kearns, formerly the court-house, was sold to President T. C. Smith. It will undergo a thorough repairing.

Steamers are still making regular trips between Vincennes and Merom, and Merom and Terre Haute. The river is in excellent condition for boating.

The first lecture hour in the morning is now occupied by President Smith on "Civil Government." These lectures are given in his usual pleasing manner. Prof. Evans will follow on "Morals and Manners."

The survey of the college grounds for Centennial purposes was made during vacation for the first time since the original survey—seventeen years ago—by Prof. Watson, assisted by S. J. Pardee, class '76. Some of the witness trees are now decayed

stumps, and one corner-stone was found three feet under ground.

The maps of the college grounds and plans of the building, prepared by Prof. Watson, were sent to the Centennial commissioners on the 20th ult. They were on sheets twenty-two by twenty-eight inches, and were well executed. President Smith and Prof. Watson expect to spend a considerable portion of the next vacation at the Exposition.

The school is now divided into four rhetorical divisions. The declaimers, as their turns come, are passed over into Prof. Davis' hands, who subjects them to a most excellent drill in the art of declaiming. This plan enables the other professors to devote more time to essay writing; they will also give especial attention to letter writing, business correspondence, etc. The plan is a very good one.

Rev. W. R. Wright has inaugurated a novel plan by which No. 11—the general assembly room—will be re-seated. He desires each old student to send one dollar, accompanied by the donor's photograph. The money will be used in buying chairs for No. 11, and the photographs to be neatly framed and placed in the reading-room, and thus form, with other pictures, a gallery of fine art. We hope the plan will succeed.

The seniors were assigned subjects for their graduating orations a few days ago. It happened that these subjects were written on portions of an old "appeal" circular. Mr. Pardee, the inquisitive senior, after noticing his subject, "Oliver Cromwell," turned to the other side of his slip of paper and read aloud the following (innocently inquiring if those suggestions were intended for him): "With consecration and prayer, lay this subject before God, and then fill up the blank."

STARKEY SEMINARY.

Eddytown, N. Y., May, 1876.

Prof. R. D. EVANS, A. B., Local Editor.

[Contributions to this department are earnestly solicited. Any bit of information concerning an old student or a former teacher, will be most welcome, if addressed to R. D. Evans, Eddytown, New York.]

PERSONALS.

Rev William G. Wade greeted his many friends in this section in the early part of February.

Miss Helen C. Bassett, former preceptress, is spending the winter in Cleveland, Ohio.

Prof. G. R. Hammond, who has been spending the winter months at the scene of his former labors, returned, in the early part of March, to Merom, where he expects to complete his course this summer.

Miss Myrta A. Smith, former teacher of English branches, recently came to the conclusion that she had mistaken her mission, and she has gone the way of all flesh. Letters addressed to her should now bear the superscription, Mrs. Todd.

Rev. Myron Tyler, last year a student at Starkey, is in charge of the Christian Church at Enon, Clark county, Ohio. He is meeting with excellent success, having recently led his church through a most encouraging revival.

The kindly countenance of that veteran evangelist, Elder A. Damon, beamed upon us for a few hours on the 22d Feb. It had been expected that he would remain for a week or more and conduct a meeting, but other calls seemed more pressing, and he found himself obliged to cut short his visit.

Rev. Alonzo F. Abbott, whose lecture is noticed in another column

filled the pulpit in the seminary chapel on the morning of the 20th ult. His subject was, "Affection for things unseen, *versus* affection for things seen," and a most stirring sermon, abounding in rich thought, and garnished with beautiful imagery, was delivered to an attentive congregation.

G. P. and H. M. Huntington members of the school in 1849, recently paid a visit to their old haunts. The length of time that has elapsed since their connection with the institution, does not seem to have chilled their love for it; but they find it grown almost out of recognition. In twenty-seven years many changes have taken place in Starkey, and all of the upward sort. The visitors found alteration after alteration; at every turn meeting something that called forth expressions of surprise and gratification. The new chapel, the improved arrangement of the recitation-rooms, the spruce boarding-hall, the well-kept condition of the cabinet and apparatus—all these and many other things presented evidence of unmistakable progress.

LOCALS.

On the 22d ult. a donation was given in the chapel to Elder Young. The success of the affair was very gratifying, the proceeds amounting to one hundred dollars.

Rev. Ben. Ryder, a converted Jewish rabbi, now pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, delivered a lecture in the seminary chapel on the 23d ult., his subject being, "Jewish manners and customs." The lecturer gave an interesting description of the tabernacle and its furniture, illustrated by a complete model.

The Emersonian Literary Society held a public meeting recently. The following was the programme:

Opening address—by President Charles Long.

Essay—"Stepping-stones," Bessie Scribner.

Declamation—J. W. Young.

Select Reading—Lizzie Warner.

Debate—"Resolved, that human creeds are necessarily schismatical and heretical." Affirmative: Mrs. V. A. King, Miss S. F. Waite, Miss L. McKinney. Negative: George Emmons, O. W. Powers, Edwin Koons.

Paper—Editor, Miss Della Waite.

Old Æolus has been smitten. His kingdom has been invaded and a province wrested from his grasp. A stoutly contested province it was, too. Seldom did winds so exultingly display their power as did the winds of Eddytown in their sweep down the passage between Forman and Hathaway halls. But lo! the hand of the carpenter has been there, and now a lofty wooden wall, with a sliding door therein, bids defiance to the gusts, and invites to shelter behind its protection.

The present religious interest in the seminary, as indicated by the attendance at the prayer-meetings, and the manner in which they are supported, is very gratifying. We have at present three weekly meetings—the general meeting of the church on Sunday evening; the meeting of the Christian League, an association of students, on Thursday evening; and a converts' meeting on Monday evening. The last is a special feature. At the close of the protracted meeting last term, it was organized by Elder Damon for the benefit of those who had been brought to Christ in that meeting. It is sustained solely by them, and it is well sustained. It serves to bind its members together in a sort of little family, and can not fail to be of vast benefit to them.

The regular rhetorical "public" for the first half of the term came off, after several postponements, on the evening of the 16th Feb. The

exercises were exceedingly creditable, and gave evidence of more than the usual preparation. They were selected in accordance with the plan followed here, from the best performances rendered during the term as regular school exercises, and were not specially gotten up for this occasion. By this plan the bustle, confusion, and interruption of studies invariably connected with any special effort are avoided, and the students are incited to put forth their best efforts in each rhetorical exercise. It is a method which has been followed for some time, and found to meet with excellent success.

The year has been marked by the addition of two new instruments to the musical department; one a fine Decker Brothers piano, the other a magnificent Estey organ, catalogued at \$950. The latter, in particular, is a valuable accession, and well worth the effort it cost to obtain it. It is not yet fully paid for, the trustees relying on the proceeds of certain future entertainments to aid in making up the required amount. The seminary now rejoices in the possession of seven instruments of music—five pianos and two organs—a gratifying exhibit, when it is remembered that not many years have elapsed since the possession of a single piano was deemed matter for congratulation. A room, formerly occupied by the boarding department as a store-room, has been fitted up for the reception of the new piano.

On Wednesday, the 2d Feb., one of those entertainments for which Mrs. Wade is so well known was given in the chapel. Its proceeds were applied to the purchase of the new organ. It consisted partly of music and partly of a dramatic performance, all rendered by members of the school, under the drill and superintendence of Mrs. Wade. After the music, which led the programme,

a play entitled "The Persecuted Dutchman" was performed, and the entertainment concluded with what was generally pronounced the crowning feature of the evening. "Madame Jarley" and her exhibition of wax-works. The old lady displayed a variety of figures, all of which were provided with clock-work machinery which enabled them to go through some surprising performances when "wound up." The actors in this piece were so well drilled as to call forth numerous expressions of surprise at their ability to imitate so well the motionless attitude of wax-figures. The proceeds of the entertainment were cut down considerably by the unfavorable weather, but somewhat exceeded forty dollars.

Starkey was favored, on the 17th ult., with one of the rarest intellectual feasts that it has ever been permitted to enjoy, in the shape of a lecture by Rev. A. F. Abbott. His subject was "Horace Greeley." In close analysis of character, in varied and beautiful imagery, in all the graces of thought and speech the lecture was equalled by few that the writer has ever heard. We understand that Mr. Abbott intends to enter the lecture field next year. In such an event we predict for him a brilliant course. To show that we are not alone in our estimation of the lecture, we copy below from the *Penn Yan Express*:

THAT LECTURE AT STARKEY SEMINARY.—Rev. A. F. Abbott's lecture last Thursday night, on "Life and Character of Horace Greeley," was excellent in thought and eloquent in delivery. It was indeed a first class lecture; so pronounced by the best critics that heard it, and considered by all, so far as opinion has been expressed to us, the best lecture we have ever heard in Starkey Seminary. Rev. Mr. Abbott will become noted as a lecturer as soon as the people hear him.

Deeply veiled in the mists of antiquity is the origin of the tradition which, one year in four, gives to

femininity the right to assume the social offices of manhood. Perhaps some dim old saint, moved to compassion by the forlorn and downtrodden condition of aforesaid femininity, or more probable still, urged by a vain desire to hand down his name to posterity by some deed of high emprise in the cause of the oppressed, promulgated a papal edict giving to those galled by the bonds of social usage the right to throw off the yoke and enjoy, be it never so brief, a temporary taste of sovereignty. Be this as it may, the uncertain origin of the privilege does not make our fair ones at all slow to accept it, and accordingly, on the 15th ult., Starkey witnessed a formal inauguration of the female rule, the occasion being a donation given by the Presbyterian Church to their pastor, Mr. Bosworth. An announcement, read in chapel on the morning of that day, opened the ball. It was written by some of the boys, perhaps in fear that excessive bashfulness on the part of the young ladies might cause them to lose this golden opportunity, and ran as follows:

NOTICE.—A number of gentleman students wish to attend the donation this evening, on condition that *suitable escorts* be obtained. As this is leap year, they prefer not to make advances, but take this opportunity of saying that any advances made to them will be favorably received. Mr. H. B. Freeman has the names of the persons making this announcement, and is authorized to conduct all negotiations. For further particulars apply to him at the library. By order of Committee.

Starkey Seminary, Feb'y 15, 1876.

Below the announcement was this indorsement:

To Prof. McHenry:

This notice is given with my knowledge and approval.

H. B. FREEMAN.

The paper was greeted with applause, and Mr. Freeman was soon besieged by troops of young ladies desiring to see "that list." No one, however, was bold enough to take the lead in entering upon the "negotiations;" and matters were at a stand-still until Miss McKinney generously came to their assistance with the proposition that they should make their selections, and entrust the "negotiations" to her. The proposition was gleefully accepted, and the work of "enrolling" began. Interesting indeed this operation must have been, occasionally marked, as it was, by the unwonted spectacle of two fair maidens struggling for the same Adonis. These contests were, however, bloodless, and were in all cases amicably adjusted without the aid of arbitration or a peace commission. The list made out, Miss McKinney was soon on her rounds, announcing to each favored youth that "the young ladies of the seminary wished to see him in her parlor promptly at seven o'clock, prepared for the donation." Curiosity was of course on tiptoe in each mind; each was eagerly anxious to know "who was to take him," and not a man was tardy. After a short delay caused by tardiness of the teams, the young ladies appeared, tackled their "baggage," and marched them off to the sleds. Arrived at the scene of festivity, they took complete charge of the gentlemen, escorting them to supper, footing the bills, and in every way showing themselves to be quite apt in the art of playing the "fellar." The night had reached the "wee hours" when the party broke up and made their way homeward; the boys agreeing, as they went to their couches, that they were indebted for a most delightful evening, to their "suitable escorts."

WEAUBLEAU INSTITUTE.

Humansville, Mo., May, 1876.

WILLIAM J. HAWKINS, Local Editor.

SALUTATORY.

I congratulate myself upon this privilege of forming an acquaintance with those who, though distant from each other, are engaged in OUR WORK of mental and spiritual elevation. With timidity I take my pen to represent the Weaubleau Christian Institute, and I ask for the indulgence of our readers, as the work assigned is, to me, a novel one.

I trust that our acquaintance may be long and pleasant, and that OUR WORK may bind together those of us who are separated by space into one common brotherhood, which may be perpetual and extend beyond the boundaries of time.

PERSONALS.

Mr. McNeil, editor of the *New Era* (Hermitage) visited the institute last month.

Mrs. Edwards is giving lessons in instrumental music on the organ this year to a respectable class.

Mr. Powell Rogers, one of our oldest and most reliable citizens, died February 17, 1876. He was one of the warm friends and active supporters of our school.

Rev. E. Barber, of Park's Grove, formerly a student and also teacher in U. C. College, visited us in February last, and delivered to large audiences three discourses, which were well received.

Dr. H. Lear, vocalist, has returned and reorganized his singing class. He intends giving, at the close of the term, a concert, the proceeds of which are to be appropriated to the seating of the chapel. The singing class is well attended, and an unusual interest manifested.

Mr. W. W. Mallory, of Monroe County, Missouri, formerly a student of this institute, is now teaching school near Roscoe, St. Clair County. Mr. Mallory is a man of superior natural abilities for this responsible work. During the past two years his success has been unparalleled.

Rev. George D. Wiggins, of the United Brethren Church, delivered his valedictory discourse in the chapel on the third Sunday in last month. Bro. Wiggins had been a citizen of this vicinity for ten years. He was an earnest worker in the cause of Christianity. We wish him great success in the labors of his declining years.

LOCALS.

The number of students in attendance this term is greater than at any previous term.

The Weaubleau Literary Society edits a paper weekly—Mr. T. M. Nesmith, editor. The title is, "Banner of Light;" motto, "More Light." It has thus far been a success.

Two families from the central part of the state have located here for two years, for the purpose of enjoying the advantages of the school. Other families contemplate coming soon.

Hickory County now has an Immigration Society, composed of individuals from each township. Any information which may be desired concerning our natural advantages for farming, grazing, fruit-growing, etc., etc., can be obtained by addressing "New Era," Hermitage, Mo.

The public entertainment by the literary society in January, the middle of the winter term, was largely attended. The exercises of the evening, which consisted of discussions, music—instrumental and vocal—essays, declamations, and orations, were considered superior to those on former occasions.

LE GRAND INSTITUTE.

Le Grand, Iowa, April, 1876.

Prof. CHAS. ELLISON, Local Editor.

PROCTOR ACADEMY.

Andover, N. H., May, 1876.

Rev. A. H. MORRELL, A. M., Local Editor.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Erly Man, who is now teaching north of Le Grand, has won golden opinions from his employers. As a teacher he is a decided success.

The Board of Trustees of Le Grand Institute is as follows: Riley McCool, President; W. B. Gifford, Treasurer; Chas. Ellison, Secretary; Wm. C. Smith, Peter Spence.

Every thing looks hopeful for the future of Le Grand Institute. The institution is now clear of debt. Interest on the endowment notes is promptly paid, while every thing indicates an increased attendance of pupils during the coming year.

Mr. A. H. Welker, a former student of Le Grand Institute, is now teaching in the eastern part of Marshall County, Iowa. Mr. Welker is a young man of fine ability and a live, energetic teacher.

Mr. S. S. Dobson is also teaching in Thama County, Iowa. We are glad to know that Mr. Dobson is meeting with a high degree of success as a teacher. Mr. Dobson is an excellent student, and stands high in deportment and scholarship.

Prof. L. F. Watson, publisher of OUR WORK, informs us that any one sending him names of ten subscribers, with the subscription money, \$15.00, will receive one year's subscription free (worth \$1.50), and a certificate entitling the holder to one term's tuition at Le Grand (worth \$5.00). This is an excellent offer. We hope many will avail themselves of it.

LOCALS.

Elder J. W. Tilton has removed to Mackerel Corner, N. H.

The board of instruction remains the same as last term.

Classes are now fairly at work in our three courses of study.

The number of subscribers to OUR WORK should be largely increased at Proctor.

The spring term opens March 7th. At the present writing the prospect is good for an average term.

The course of lectures and entertainments given the present season for the benefit of the apparatus fund has netted over sixty dollars.

The trustees have held but one meeting the present school year: something new in the history of the Educational Society.

The winter term of Proctor Academy closed February 25th. Seventy-six students have been in attendance.

Materials for our new boarding-house are being drawn to the site, ready for work to commence when spring opens.

Prof. Watson, publisher of OUR WORK, makes a good offer to agents who desire tuition at Proctor. See our advertisement in this number.

An effort is now being made to raise a sufficient sum to purchase Appleton's Cyclopædia. More than one fourth of the sum is already raised.

The Union Debating Society, connected with the school, gave a very interesting public meeting the eve-

ning of February 24th. The exercises consisted of orations, declamations, recitations, tableaux, dialogues, and music.

The Amateur Society gave a public meeting, also, the following evening, very similar in programme to the Debating Society, with the exception of orations. Both were well attended, despite the severe weather.

Two persons have pledged one hundred dollars each for permanent fund, provided ninety-eight more will do the same. May they be found.

Died in Portsmouth, N. H., March 6, 1876, Frederick H. Randall, aged 20 years. His death was sudden and unexpected. He was a young man of good natural abilities and good habits.

Bro. E. Pierce is a firm friend of Proctor. He will be one of a hundred to raise ten thousand dollars for the endowment of Proctor Academy, provided that amount can be pledged in one year. He will be one of a hundred to pay twenty-five hundred dollars in the same time, or he will be one of five hundred to pay ten dollars each in the same time.

We also append the following, taken from the *New Hampshire Patriot*: [Editor OUR WORK.]

Proctor Academy has seventy-six pupils this winter, and is meeting with more encouragement than its most sanguine friends anticipated when the school was opened two years ago. The boarding-house and dormitory building which was begun last autumn, will be completed in the spring, and the institution will be opened in full style. It is now doing excellent preliminary work. The school had two teachers who did superior work last year—Mr. Frank E. Adams and Miss Annie Little—and is equally fortunate this year under the instruction of Rev. A. H. Morrill, Dartmouth, 1872, and Miss Mary Rowell, New Hampton Seminary, 1873. A recent visit to the school gave us an excellent impression of the instruction and management of the school. They have a good school.

BIBLICAL SCHOOL.

Stanfordville, N. Y., May, 1876.

Rev. A. Godley, - - Local Editor.

OUR WORK will be gladly welcomed at the Biblical School. How appropriate is its name! The very name seems to make us feel more deeply that our interests are one. May all of our schools and the patrons of each join in its support.

Our success in the promotion of good depends largely on our schools. The mission of OUR WORK will be to fill our educational halls, and to make known our principles in many families where the good old *Herald of Gospel Liberty* has not entered. It will greatly aid in the support of our schools, and will introduce the *Herald* in many families outside of the Christian connection. God bless it in its mission.

PERSONALS.

Prof. Howell has been unwell, but is now in the class-room again, giving instruction in Greek, rhetoric, etc.

Rev. Martyn Summerbell, A. M., has given us several lectures on "Homiletics." Ill-health keeps him from us at present. We expect Rev. Warren Hathaway to lecture on that subject next week.

Bro. S. M. Cook has left us for his charge at Hartwick, Otsego County, New York, and Bro. F. G. Fenton for a charge in the same conference. Bro. J. B. Clark goes to Wisconsin.

Elder George Tenney, who was among the first graduates of the Biblical School, resigns his charge at Vienna, Warren County, New Jersey, and goes to Locktown, New Jersey. Brother Tenney has done a good work at Vienna during the past three years. Albert Godley will take the charge at Vienna now.

Elder D. I. Putnam, pastor of the Stanfordville Christian Church, has been unwell for nearly three months: a part of the time dangerously ill. He is now convalescent. His pulpit has been supplied by Dr. Craig and others. Brother Putnam has been a student of the school for nearly four years. Over-work was the cause of his sickness. Many ministers do too little rather than too much.

Dr. Draig's lectures are now on the "Sermon on the Mount." They are very interesting. He has been preaching a series of sermons on "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." Last Sunday the sermon was grand: so full of truth, so spiritual. The next one closes the series. His sermons are good food for the hungry soul.

Prof. Peabody is with us again. His lectures on elocution are just what young speakers need. He is one of the best of elocutionists, and has hundreds of speakers under his training. I would that our ministers would pay more attention to this subject. It is better to state a commonplace truth in such a manner as to make it felt, than it is to utter great truths so as to fail in making them understood. Prof. Peabody says that our reading of the Scriptures must be such as to make it unnecessary for the people to use commentaries in order to understand what we read.

THE CHRISTIAN BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

We are glad to speak of this "school of the prophets" through the journal the mission of which is to make known to the people the educational advantages we possess, and to fill our educational halls with lovers of knowledge.

The Biblical School is, as its name indicates, a school in which the truths of the Bible—not the creeds of men—are taught. A stranger, passing the school a few days ago, noticed on the building the large gilt letters which spell, "Christian Biblical Institute." "There," said he, "is a place where the Bible is taught." It was a school of this kind he had been desirous of seeing; a school in which were set forth the plain teachings of the Bible. The name suggested to him the object of the school. Very many are becoming tired of the "doctrines of men," and are longing for plain Bible teachings. May OUR WORK make it known to thousands of such seekers of the truth that the Christians have a Biblical school in which they may learn, with the aid of one of the greatest of Biblical scholars, Austin Craig, D. D., just what the Bible teaches.

We can be truly happy only upon Bible principles. Oh, that hundreds of our young men and women might listen to our beloved Brother Craig, as he unfolds these principles. Then could they better teach from the pulpit and in the Sunday-school these principles of true happiness to others.

The school is now near the close of the seventh year of its existence—the first three years of which were spent within the halls of Starkey Seminary. It is now permanently located at Stanfordville, New York. We have here a capacious and very beautiful institute building, heated by steam, and well planned as to library, recitation and reading-rooms, chapel, etc.

There is also a commodious building called the "Students Home," in which the students have pleasant rooms free of charge. Many of

these rooms are also nicely furnished. The dining-hall is also in this building.

These two buildings were erected in 1873-'74, at the expense of the Hon. Daniel Clark, of Hartford, Connecticut. When the buildings were completed, Mr. Clark on the day of the dedication gave to the trustees the keys and the deeds, asking them to take and occupy for the Lord.

No tuition is required, and all facilities of the institute are free except board, which is reasonable. For catalogues, giving the names of the faculty, history of the school, etc., any one may address Austin Craig, Stanfordsville, Dutchess County, New York.

The number of students this year is twenty. One of our young ministers is a lady. Women also may here prepare to preach the gospel. We should have many times the present number of students. Several take charges this spring, but as so many are becoming desirous of learning from the Bible, and of getting out of the old ruts of "orthodoxy," why may not our Biblical School be filled?

Prof. Peabody, of Princeton College, while instructing us in the reading of the Scriptures, admitted that we read better than do many theological students, since Dr. Craig explains the Bible to us so well. He says, "At Princeton we study theology; but I think it would be better to study theology less and the Bible more." This is now the opinion of thousands.

The Christian Biblical Institute is for all who will come. The teachings are liberal and Biblical, and they are set forth by one of the humblest of men. Come.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

On account of the mildness of the winter the work on the new city hall at Penn Square goes on without any interruption. The great beauty of this immense structure is now beginning to appear. Your readers may, perhaps, be surprised to learn that the building, when finished according to the plan now agreed upon, will surpass the capitol at Washington in size and grandeur; but such is the case. The cost, so far, has been something over \$3,000,000. The eyes of the legislature at Harrisburg are turned this way, and there is a strong talk in favor of removing the state capital to Philadelphia.

Goods for the exposition are not only coming in from the states, but also from nearly every country on the globe. The steamer *Heimdahl*, from Sweden, has lately arrived well laden with Swedish goods for the Centennial. Goods designed for the exposition, from Turkey, England, and Japan, are now at the custom-house awaiting removal. It seems to be true that England will at least occupy one-third, or more nearly one-half, of the room in machinery hall. Still some croakers here persist in saying that England will not take hold on account of the protective tariff. City of Mexico, over the way, sends, among other things, a unique model of herself, a perfect representation of the city, yet only 330 feet by 231 feet. This wonderful piece of handiwork will undoubtedly attract much attention.

The commissioners receive daily dozens of letters offering to sell or rent for exposition purposes strange objects—deformed animals and monstrosities in nature. One proposed to let them exhibit a calf of six legs during the season for one-third the proceeds. Another offers to "show"

his greatly deformed boy free of cost if expenses are paid by the centennial, and so on. Many regard the whole thing as a great "Barnum affair."

It would be well for this city to intrust all of its bridge building to Col. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; for it will be remembered that he agreed to build the main bridge over the Scuyhkill River for the amount of the insurance money. Many said he could not afford it, but he undertook the job and completed it within one-half the allotted time, and now he tenders the city a check for some \$3,000, the bridge having been built for that much less than the insurance. Here is an example it would be well for the modern statesman to contemplate. This Market street bridge, it seems, was finished at a total cost of only \$60,000; the Girard Avenue bridge cost over \$1,500,000.

The centennial buildings are being rapidly completed. The main building was turned over to the centennial commissioners over a month ago. New buildings are constantly looming up over the grounds. The walks are nicely laid out, and every thing is putting on its robe of beauty and welcome to the world. The Catholic Memorial Fountain promises to be a very beautiful as well as a very useful structure. The granite is brought here all cut, ready for its proper place. It will be finished by the 10th of May.

A remarkable contribution from Hawaii to the Exhibition, will be the two volumes of "Bowditch's Navigator" in the Japanese language. The book is written on their paper (not printed.) The pages are double. The pictures are rude drawings, and extremely grotesque. The one representing the ancient mariner "taking the sun" is very laughable.

PENN.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES.

In the early days of astronomy—over 2,000 years ago—the ecliptic was divided into twelve signs of 30° each. The group of stars in each sign gave to the sign its name. Thus the *constellation* Aries corresponded with the *sign* Aries. But such is not the case now. Owing to the precession of the equinoxes the signs have retrograded, or moved backward along the ecliptic about 30°, so that the *sign* Aries is now in the *constellation* Pisces, the *sign* Taurus in the *constellation* Aries, and so on throughout the entire zodiac. It is important to discriminate clearly between the *signs* and the *constellations*. The *signs* of the ecliptic are twelve equal divisions of the great circle forming the imaginary path of the sun. The *constellations* of the zodiac are groups of fixed stars extending about eight degrees on either side of the ecliptic, unaffected by the precession of the equinoxes.

The constellation of Taurus is one easily found, since it contains two conspicuous clusters of stars, viz., the Hyades and the Pleiades—the first in the face and the other in the shoulder of the bull. The Pleiades, frequently called the Seven Stars, take their name from a Greek word which means "to sail," as their appearance in the east indicated fair weather. Only six can now be counted by most persons; the telescope, however, reveals near a hundred. The Hyades, sometimes called the Harrow, is made up of five prominent stars that make a letter V. Forming the eastern end of the letter is Aldebaran, a red star of the first magnitude. It is situated in the eye of the bull, and means, "he went before, or led the way." Alcyone, the brightest star of the Pleiades, sets about 8:32 p. m. on the 1st of May.

The sun is now in the sign Taurus, having entered it on the 20th of April. The sun remains in this sign until the 21st of this month, (May.) The *constellation* Taurus is therefore visible just above the western horizon.

★ EL NATH

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FLEIADES

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ALDEBARAN HYADES

Venus is still evening star, and very conspicuous in the western sky. This planet sets at 10:48 P. M. on the 1st, and at 10:29 P. M. on the 30th. Owing to a favorable concurrence of circumstances, its splendor has been very great for the last two months—it being visible in daylight, even during the noonday glare of the sun. Good eyes can still see it during the day. Its greatest eastern elongation occurs on the 4th. On the 26th it passes within 1° south of the moon at 11:37 A. M.

Mars is still very small, but is known by its red light. It is just below Venus. It sets at 9:36 P. M. on the 1st. The moon passes within 4° north of Mars on the 25th.

Jupiter is again visible in the evening, rising at 8:20 P. M. At 3 o'clock in the morning on the 9th, Jupiter is within 5° north of the moon.

Saturn rises a little before daylight, and hence is above the horizon during daylight, and is therefore poorly situated for notice.

There are sixteen classes of stars, arranged according to their degrees of brightness. The brightest are of the first magnitude, the next brightest are of the second magnitude, and so on to the seventh, which is the limit of visibility to the naked eye. The assumed magnitude of a star has nothing, however to do with its real size. Sirius, the dog-star,

1ST 2^D 3^D 4TH 5TH 6TH
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which is now seen in the south-west, and the brightest of all the fixed stars, is by no means the nearest or largest.

On the 21st of May the sun enters the sign Gemini. The *constellation* Gemini will remain visible in the western horizon for nearly a month. This constellation is so named from its two brightest stars, Castor and Pollux; the twins.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
CASTOR

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
POLLUX

Castor and Pollux are the sons of Zeus, famous heroes in Greek mythology. Castor excelled in taming horses, and Pollux in boxing. They were famous as leaders of the Argonautic expedition, and the champions in the Calydonian boar hunt. They were the tutelary gods of hospitality, presided over gymnastic exercises, and were helpers of man. The ancient sailors believed the flames on tips of masts to be caused by them, and were signs of fortune. The Romans believed the battle of "Lake Regillus" was only carried by the assistance of these Dioscuri. At Rome, the men swore by the temple of Pollux, *Ædelpol*, and the women by Castor, *Æcastor*. They were placed among the stars, finally, and form the constellation Gemini.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Subscribers will remember that their subscriptions are due on receipt of this number. Send money by post-office money order if possible. Do not omit writing the county in addressing letters to Merom, since there are several offices in the state differing but little from Merom in their orthography. Direct all articles for publication to Editor OUR WORK; all business communications to L. F. Watson, Merom, Sullivan County, Indiana.

We earnestly desire every one who receives this number to work for an increased circulation of OUR WORK. We have failed to find the address of several old students of our different schools, who, we know, would like to subscribe for OUR WORK, and we will deem it a great favor if you will write to your schoolmates concerning this enterprise, and if it is unknown to them, report their names and addresses to us.

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Our engraving is done by John MacDonald, New York City, whose wood engravings, as produced in *Appleton's Art Journal*, *Scribner's Monthly*, and other first-class journals of New York City, prove him to be the first of his class. Our readers may well rejoice in our having secured so competent an artist.

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WHAT OTHERS SAY.

SEARSBURG, N. Y., Feb'y 23, 1876.

DEAR BRO.: Our Work! I like its title. I like its mission. I like its long list of contributors. *I shall work for its success.* I shall look anxiously for the first number. The six hundred names ought to be sent in within two weeks. Put me down as one of the six hundred, and I hope to be able soon to send many more.

Yours truly, CYRUS BARBER,
Ex-Pres't Board Trustees Starkey Seminary.

DAYTON, OHIO, Feb'y, 1876.

DEAR BRO. WATSON: May success attend the publication of OUR WORK. It will meet one of our chief wants. I predict for it appreciation and support. You have already enlisted a corps of writers that will assure the merit of the publication. Set me down as a subscriber. I will, of course, receive a copy in exchange with the *Herald*, but *I want a copy in my family*. Besides, you must have my mite of support. You will *start*, you say, on six hundred, but you will not *pause* on less than twelve or fifteen hundred.

Your brother in Christ,
H. Y. RUSH.